

The Academite.

An organ of the greater student body of the
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Being a medium for the dissemination of a mutual interest among
Students and Friends of the R.A.M. To be published each Term.

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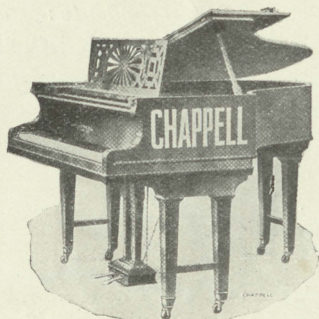
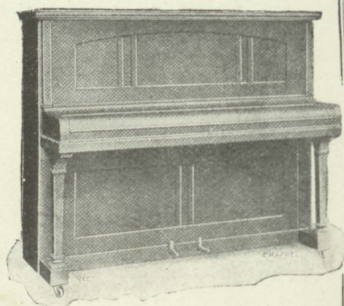
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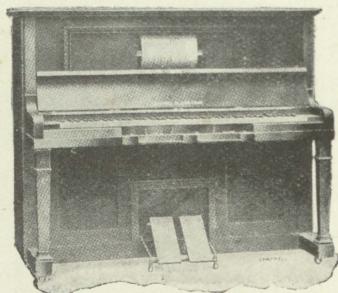


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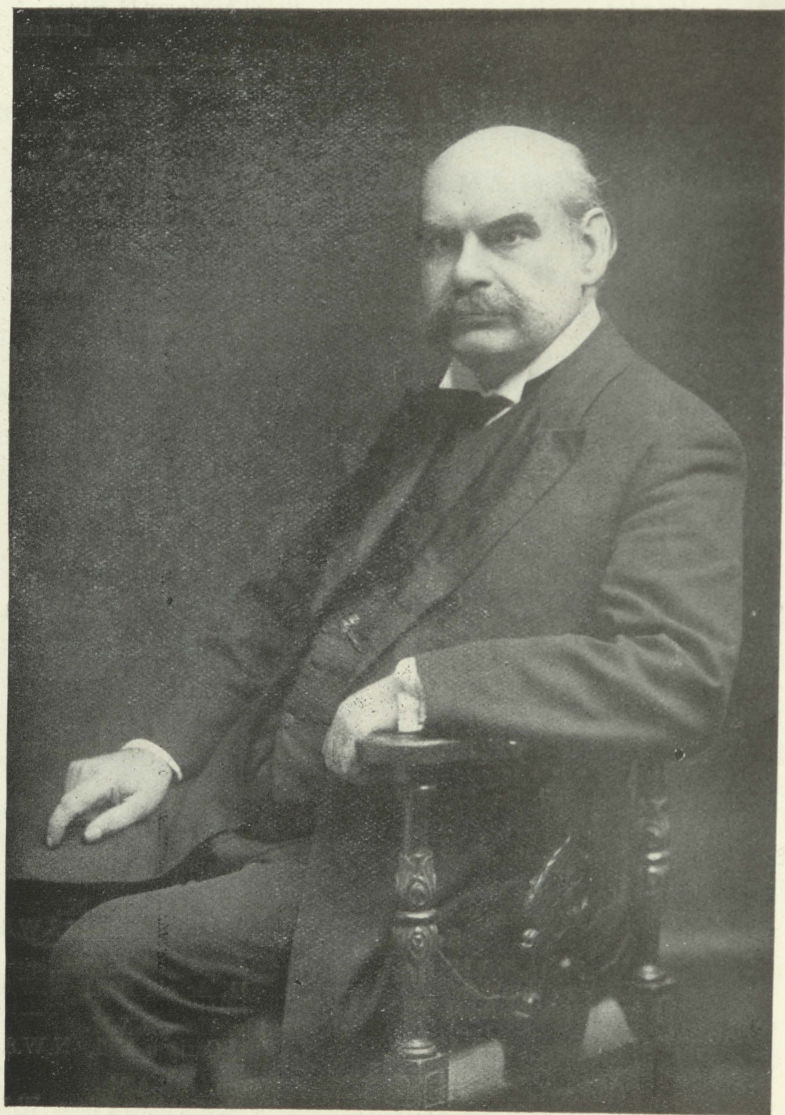
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*Very truly yours
F. Carver*

The Academite.

Editorial.



IT is to our mind fitting and proper that in our editorial we should call attention to the things which appertain to the serious side of our student-life; that is, so far as we may prudently do so. By this statement we do not admit that we are deserving of the rather irresponsible criticism that was made relative to our last number, which was to the effect that we were endeavouring to become pedantic, and were striving to teach through the pages of the "Academite," whereas this does not conform with the purpose and object of a students' magazine. The question as to whether our worthy critic is right or not we leave to our indulgent readers to determine.

We are always ready to welcome suggestions and criticisms of a well-meant nature, and we shall be glad to receive any correspondence relative to the "Academite" or any other phase of student activity with a view to publishing the same, if in our humble opinion such is of enough interest to our readers to justify its publication.

While we are aware of the fact that in nearly all things the humorous or lighter side is more popular than the serious, still we must guard against becoming either too silly or too serious in our magazine (as in everything else). It is here that our readers may help us most by expecting and desiring a fairly proportioned journal. Those who prefer our pages to be of a light and humorous character throughout should be satisfied with half of the contents light and half serious, that is, as far as our contributions sent in permit of this equation. Those preferring serious matter throughout vice versa.

When our colleagues will have benefited by this, perhaps, timely admonition, and become habitual readers of the serious matter as well as the light—and vice versa—then the "Academite" will have achieved its object in bringing students into more actual knowledge of each other, and of each other's aspirations.

The "Academite" First Annual Social.

Under the caption of "An Official Statement," there appeared in our last number an elucidation of a scheme, the realisation of which was to have placed our magazine on a firmer footing. Without rehearsing the details of the matter we feel obliged to announce that the shareholders and patron scheme has had up to the present moment a somewhat disappointing response. Perhaps the least said about the lack of enthusiasm as evidenced in this instance is the better. It is, however, never too late to mend— a hint to the wise.

We desire to give due prominence of the honoured privilege and pleasure we have in presenting Mr. Frederick Corder in "A Chat About Old R.A.M. Days" at the "Academite" first annual social, which will be held the evening of the Prize Distribution Day (7 p.m.) in the refreshment

room, which will be arranged for the occasion. The lecture will be musically illustrated throughout.

Light refreshments will be served, and after the lecture the remainder of the evening will be spent socially. All *shareholders* will be admitted *free*. General fee of admission to non-shareholders, one shilling. Tickets may be obtained from any of the following committee: Ethel Bartlett, Florita Richards, Marjorie Parker, Paul Kerby, or at the door.

Wonders of the World.

Found at the Fortnightlies.

I WONDER why singers have to hold their hands as though they had caught a mouse and were afraid it would escape?

I WONDER why violinists have to stagger about as though their fiddle weighed at least a hundredweight? It is the music that is so heavy, not the instrument.

I WONDER why lady 'cellists don't wear accordion-pleated skirts?

I WONDER why there isn't a class for teaching pianists how to come on and go off the platform?

I WONDER why elocutionists assume a voice that makes them unrecognisable by their best friends?

I WONDER why composers are allowed to be called on instead of being called up?

I WONDER why the young lady who turns over doesn't have her name in the programme? She is generally the pick of the bunch.

I WONDER when the students will get tired of the prehistoric joke of applauding Green?

FRONT ROW.

Nationalism and Art.

It is not often that a speaker gives such genuine pleasure to his audience as did Dr. Stanton Coit in his lecture on "Nationalism and Art," delivered at the invitation of the R.A.M. Debating Society to an appreciative crowd of students on Jan. 26th.

It was thrilling to realise one's country as a big, living personality; something to belong to which was an honour; to express whose joys and sorrows would henceforth be the aim and end of all one's musical ambition. Here was something to work for: to establish England on the same footing as Russia, France and the mighty Germany, by making her music as national and characteristic as theirs. Our country has a history full of tragedies and triumphs, and a depth of feeling as true and as individual as that of any nation. Why, then, should she not hold as high a place in the cultivation of art?

Encouraged by Dr. Coit's enthusiastic words we resolved to break down the barrier of "British-reserve" and try to *express England* with as much success as foreign musicians have secured for their respective countries.

The applause which greeted the close of this interesting address left no doubt as to the appreciation of Dr. Stanton Coit's dramatic oratory.

DOROTHY HOWELL.

Sentiment and Sentimentality.



LIKE many thousands of others, I am constantly faced with the problematical Function of Art, and in trying to deal with it, I can, in so short an article as this must needs be, only choose one aspect of so inexhaustible a subject. I therefore choose the question of Sentiment, feeling this to be the keynote of what Art stands for, and in order to carry out this purpose I shall endeavour to differentiate between Sentiment and Sentimentality. The question (which is perhaps *thought* more than asked) is, What does Art do? Does she only "lend a glimpse of the beautiful to humanity" in order to brighten the path over which the latter strays? We are told so often that "Art is a message" (presumably from Heaven), and "is for man's uplifting," etc.; but surely that is not all we can say for the source from which we get so much! True, there is a something in us which is content to enjoy without trying to discover the mystery, but have we not sufficient faith that Art, like God, will not suffer or lose any of its dignity—its realness—by being revealed?

In trying to define it (no slight task) I have decided that Art is the expressed knowledge of proportion, and Genius the expressing force of that knowledge. And now I must describe what I mean by "proportion." Proportion is the infallibility of design throughout the universe. It is the inevitable result of perfect casting—logical, intelligible, and magnificent—the invincible propeller of truth, and there is no escape from its ultimate triumph. Now comes the question, What is Truth? and there are so many ideas as to what it really is that it is practically hopeless to try and find a convincing meaning, but I think the most adequate key to Truth is to grasp (in one's own way) the difference between that which lasts and that which fades to nothingness—ceases to impress.

Relating to Art, truth is expressed according to the quality of sentiment, which (sentiment) is the composer's expression of his grasp of truth. (I use the word "composer" generally.) Sentiment in Art, as in human feeling, is the noble and purposeful expression of the things which truly exist—be they tangible or intangible. It is lasting because it stands firm as a rock on its own dignity of truth as opposed to sentimentality, which is that affected sensibility betraying lack of the true grasp of realities. Where sentiment will convey its meaning of a noble conception of life and ideals, of exaltation, faith, and power, sentimentality betrays that nauseating conception of exaggerated and debauched truth, and the false representation of all things conceived with a vulgar, ignoble, and contaminating "mind's eye."

I am obliged to leave many great subjects (open to much discussion), having but scantily touched on them, but I trust my meaning is, in some small way, clear regarding sentiment and its relation to Art—the subject which is surely the crux of our own particular interest and pursuit, as artists. We are, I take it, all trying to express something in our own particular way, and it is only by clinging tightly to the truth of life and fighting down all that is false in human feeling and conduct, that the sentiments we express—through our Art—can stand firm and resolute, helping any of our fellow-creatures who may look to us for inspiration or guidance. The only things which really endure are those results (be they material or abstract) of absolute truth and dauntless purpose, without which no sentiment can express that element which obscures it from

falsity and pretentiousness. To have fully grasped this enormous truth would be to have conquered the perhaps most painful of all human problems, but the prize is only for him who resolutely "turns his face toward the morning star," shutting out all possible danger of mistaking the shadow for the substance, the unreal for the real, sentimentality for true, noble sentiment.

IVY HERBERT.



The Origin and Progress of the R.A.M.

Continued.

THE actual facts concerning the establishment of the R.A.M. are fairly well known; to quote our present prospectus: "it was founded during the year 1822 through the patriotic exertions of Lord Burghersh, eleventh Earl of Westmoreland, and commenced its work in 1823 under the direct patronage of His Majesty King George IV., whose interest in its welfare was manifested by an annual subscription of 100 guineas."

Lord Burghersh was assisted by a number of supporters, all members of the aristocracy, who contributed anything from 12 to 105 guineas. From these was selected the Board of Directors and the Sub-Committee. It is interesting to note that no member of the musical profession was in any way connected with the actual management of the institution. The whole scheme received great opposition from the public and from the Press, and had it not been for the ability and energy of Lord Burghersh it would probably have fallen through. During his many absences in Florence, where he held an Ambassadorial post, the remaining members of the Committee invariably lost heart, but matters always improved when he returned. The financial position was far from secure and when after the foundation of the institution the Committee reckoned up the probable cost of the first year's expenses, a deficit of £600 was apparent. Lord Burghersh was in Florence at the time, and the Committee greatly alarmed, immediately postponed proceedings. Lord Burghersh, however wrote urging on them the folly of such a course, and at last the promoters took heart and started the concern in earnest, but on a much smaller scale than was originally intended. There were only to be ten students of each sex, instead of the eighty previously contemplated.

The usual town house of Lord Carnarvon, Nos. 3 and 4, Tenterden Street, was taken at a yearly rental of £300. The building was so planned that the boys' quarters could be quite apart from the girls'. Also a wall divided the playground, and there were two doors leading to the street. In those days this was a matter of grave consideration.

The first twenty pupils were selected from sixty candidates by a formidable board consisting of thirteen professors and most of the Committee. They were between the ages of ten and fifteen, and it was stipulated that besides being possessed of musical qualifications, they must be able to read and write. After a year's tuition at the Academy they were again summoned to play before the Board, who decided whether their qualifications and progress were such as to justify their continuing their studies.

The first Principal of the Academy was Dr. Crotch, who had under him a staff which included some well-known musicians—Sir George Stuart, Cipriani Potter, Henry Bishop, and the two Cramers. Other members of the staff were the Head Master and Head Mistress, whose chief duties were to look after the moral welfare of the girls and boys. Great stress

was laid on the religious and moral instruction of the students; in fact, it is mentioned in the first prospectus as the primary object of the institution. Next in order of importance came the study of English, Italian, and Arithmetic, and among the musical subjects singing is mentioned first and composition last.

Each student had to be decently clothed at the time of admission and to continue so. (Incidentally, in those days it was the boys who wore Academic dress and not the girls.) Students were admitted solely by recommendation, and paid an entrance fee of ten guineas and five guineas annually. Extra non-boarding students paid a fee of fifteen guineas. Regarding these latter, there was some fear in the Directors' minds lest they, coming from the outside world, should contaminate the carefully guarded boarders. The boarders, however, did not always do their moral instructors great credit, to judge from the records; there are detailed accounts of all their misdemeanours. The boys were particularly unruly. One exuberant youth (afterwards a well-known singer) was reported by the clerk to have beaten down the door dividing the boys' quarters from the girls', and to have conversed with the girl students over the playground wall. Other misdeeds included walking on the table at dinner in muddy boots and throwing pieces of bread at the servant. His fate is not recorded. Though in after years he married one of the girls he courted over the playground wall, yet, strangely enough, the very clerk who maliciously reported him lost his place through taking some of the girls out on the river!

VERA MARTIN.

(To be continued.)



The Unfortunate Author.

A SAD STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a young author. He was a good man, a delightful companion, and a clever writer, yet misfortune overtook him, and he came to an untimely end, as you shall hear.

This author became a member of the staff of a certain magazine—one which professed to cater for all tastes. He had written numerous articles for the magazine, all of a somewhat serious nature, and was beginning to consider his position more or less settled, when, to his horror, he received the following note from his editor: "Dear J.," it ran, "I am charmed with your last article. I had no idea you were a humourist; in fact, to tell the truth, I had imagined you absolutely incapable of producing anything amusing. If you would send me something equally funny for our Special Summer Humour Number I should be glad to reconsider your financial position.—Yours, etc., Ed."

Our author (did I mention he was engaged?) was fairly nonplussed by this letter. He had spent many hours carefully working out his article, "The Kiss and its Psychology," and was both shocked and surprised to find it had been received as a humorous one. After pondering the question deeply, he decided to consult Phoebe, his lady-love, as to what course of action he had better pursue. She, alas! more worldly wise than he, not only urged him to accept the offer, but threatened to sever the engagement if he failed to do so. "For when," quoth she, "shall we ever be able to marry if you do not get an increase of salary?" "But, my dear," answered her harassed lover, "you know I'm hoping to publish my book next year, and if it is a success we ought, with care, to be able to marry in about two years."

"Two years!" snorted Phoebe indignantly. "I don't want to wait two years. Besides, I don't expect your old book will bring in a halfpenny. Whoever wants to read about philosophy or psychology, or whatever it is, in these days?" Then, changing her tactics, she continued tearfully: "And I don't think it's fair of you, either, to ask me to wait another two years (which will probably be about ten in the end) when you've got a chance like this. I—I—I think it's very selfish of you, and if you're going to be selfish now, you'll be dreadful as a husband, and I won't marry you at all unless you promise to accept this offer and become a humourist. Go away at once and try and be funny." And, overwhelmed by the storm, the wretched author went away, promising to obey her parting injunction.

"Try and be funny"—what a dreadful command! The tragedy underlying it—the pathos of it, in our author's circumstances. "Try and be funny"—the words rang in his ears all day and all night, and for many weary days and nights, during which he racked his brain desperately to think of something funny—anything, vulgar or refined, silly or clever, only amusing. Life became one long pursuit of the ever-elusive Goddess of Humour. The unfortunate man did all he could to court her. He patronised music halls and the lighter theatres regularly; took in "Punch"; and all the comic papers he could hear of; read nothing but amusing books and humorous poetry. He never saw anyone laugh but he asked the reason; he learned by heart quantities and quantities of funny stories. And still he could not write a humorous article.

Now and then, in the early days of the pursuit, when something amused him, he would sigh in the midst of his laughter and wish he could have thought of that himself; later, despairing of being original, he tried to steal wit and, write upon other people's funny ideas. But even that failed, for the first person on whom he timidly tried the jokes invariably knew them already, and after two or three failures of this sort his mind became too disordered to perceive anything amusing anywhere, and he finally gave up the quest.

There was but one thing to do—to break off his engagement with Phoebe and go back to his serious work. Accordingly he wrote her a long explanation of his trouble and his reasons for having to refuse the editor's offer, hoped she would reconsider her threat, and said he would be broken-hearted if she deserted him.

Phoebe read the letter, laughed over it till she cried, and sent it to the editor just in time to be included in the Summer Number. The editor sent back hearty congratulations and a handsome cheque, and the number had a record sale, far exceeding that of any previous number of that magazine, which so increased its reputation that its circulation doubled within a month, and all the staff had their salaries raised.

And the author? Oh, the strain had been too much for him, and shortly after writing to Phoebe his brain gave way altogether, and he may now be seen at the asylum any day, poor fellow, with butterfly net or fishing rod, trying to catch jokes. They say he is the funniest lunatic in the building.

CYNTHIA C. COX.

Matter.

All students are invited to send in contributions for our next issue addressed to the Editor not later than the second week of the term. One side of the paper should be written on only; and, if typewritten, the greater will be our obligation. The Editor does not undertake to give any reason for the possible exclusion of matter sent in, the publication of which would be contrary to the policy of the *Academite*. Copies first in hand and available space are important factors. No anonymous contributions will be considered.

An Episode—with a Moral.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

He : A Youth, nervous, with limited topics of conversation.

She : A Student (of music), enthusiastic, but also nervous.

Scene : Afternoon tea. Numerous small tables, cups with tiny saucers and large spoons, criss sandwiches, shortage of sugar, and other items tending to add to nervousness.

He (*clasping tightly the tiny saucer*) : Er—have you been to the Academy?

She (*eagerly*) : Yes, I went this morning.

He : How jolly ! (*Pause*). Did you like it?

She : Yes, very much. (*Pause*.)

He : Have you any favourite this year?

She : What do you mean by this year? I always keep the same. Don't you?

He (*bites nervously at a criss sandwich—disastrous results—big spoon falls out of tiny saucer*) : Oh, yes, I'm very keen on Hacker.

She (*vainly trying to remember if she has seen Hacker at the R.A.M.*) : Hacker—Hacker? What are his subjects?

He (*vaguely*) : Oh, wild sort of things.

She (*to herself*) : I suppose he means Dramatic. (*Long pause*.)

He (*starting afresh*) : Do tell me—do you remember whose was that lovely basket of fruit and flowers? They were gorgeous—"A little present from"—something or other I couldn't quite read the rest.

She (*crushingly*) : I'm sure I don't know, and I shouldn't dream of reading the label if I did.

He (*with a feeling of having "missed" it, tries to get into safer channels*) : I wonder who the old party in the poke bonnet was? Quaint old thing with her fish, wasn't she?

She (*blankly*) : Fish—poke bonnet?

He : Yes, just on the right as you come in.

She : On the right—as you come in? Why, that must be— (*With a sudden inspiration*.) Did you go on a Saturday afternoon?

He : Yes, I think it was.

She (*to herself*) : Saturday! Then there was a concert on then; it was probably a visitor. Now, I wonder if it was—

He : I don't know that I quite liked the "Boy Sliding Downstairs," did you? But I thought the "Dish of Beans" in the hall was awfully good. Made me feel quite hungry, in fact.

She (*pityingly*) : I suppose you mean that you saw beans downstairs?

He : That's right—straight opposite you at the foot of the stairs, and there was that jolly "Miss P—" in the greyish thing-a-me-bob beside them. You know the one—she has got a very bulgy case in her hand.

She (*eyeing him with suspicion*): You seem to have spent quite a busy time there. I'm afraid that although I have been several times to the Academy I haven't even noticed Miss P—. Perhaps I am unobservant—

He: YES—I mean NO. I mean I didn't mean that—really I didn't. (*Long pause. Each feels that in some way they have upset the other.* Both are by now thoroughly uncomfortable, yet mystified. She is wondering—(a) who could possibly be the owner of the flowers; (b) whether the old lady in the poke bonnet was Mrs. X; (c) how she could find out who the "jolly Miss P—" was. He is likewise busily occupied with his thoughts.)

She (*to her friend on returning home*): I met such a funny shy person this afternoon. Yet he talked *appalling* scandal of how he went to the Academy, and said he saw beans in the hall. Umps! I don't think he was really "all there," my dear.

He (*on meeting a friend*): By Jove! I met such a nervous young lady the other day. D'you know she said she went to the Academy and had the same picture for a favourite *every year*. What is more, she got quite huffy when I praised that portrait of "Miss P—." Said she had been several times and hadn't *noticed* it. Also she never dreamt of reading the labels of the things. To tell you the truth, I don't think she could have seen the things. Can't have been near the place, old man.

MORAL.

When Academies are the topic of conversation, be sure that you grasp which particular Academy is in the mind of your companion, as there is the R.A.A. as well as the R.A.M.

N. M. REDGRAVE.

Blind.

First Thoughts of an Artist wounded at Gallipoli, 1915.

Dark! it is dark! and this is for all time;
What matters now, the city, place or clime?
In one dark cavern must I ever dwell,
Dreaming of life—was ever, on earth, such hell!

Ah! how I loved to watch the swaying trees,
Their pliant bodies dancing in the breeze,
Waving their arms in ecstasy of joy—
That was a pleasure nothing e'er could cloy.

Ah! how I loved to watch the sunny lake;
Wee crested waves—each like a white snowflake,
Rising and falling, yet so limpid clear,
The memory grips my heart like sudden fear.

Never again to see the setting sun,
Nor watch the mauve stars their short courses run;

Nor thee, oh moon! so round and pure and white—
In losing thee, I lose my chiefest light.

Never again, and this the very worst!
Oh, God! was ever a man so cruelly curst?
To use again my brushes, paints, or clay,
Or live my happy life in that dear way.

G. E. TOMBLIN.

SOCIAL



NOTES.

Mr. Mitzarkis, son-in-law of the Principal, was able to leave hospital for the first time on May 30th, and visited the R.A.M. on the 31st.

* * * * *

Mr. J. Percy Baker, who recently underwent a severe operation, has been recuperating at the seaside. He is feeling very much better, and has now resumed some of his work.

* * * * *

Mr. Willie Michael spent several weeks in hospital during February and March, but is once more with the Beecham Opera Company.

* * * * *

Mr. J. F. Keel was a prisoner at Ruhleben from August, 1914, to February, 1918. He was repatriated from Holland a short time ago, and has resumed his teaching at the Academy. Mr. Benjamin Dale has at length been able to leave Germany, and is now interned in Holland.

* * * * *

Mr. Spencer Dyke's military duties permitted of his teaching once weekly at the Academy during last term.

* * * * *

Mr. Victor Booth is now stationed at Dorset.

* * * * *

Mr. Ernest Read occasionally manages to come up from the Isle of Wight to keep an eye on his sight-singing classes. He will receive his commission shortly.

* * * * *

Major Cecil Pearson, R.G.A., has recovered from wounds, and is again in France.

* * * * *

Mr. J. A. Creighton recently had a few days' leave from the North Sea.

SOCIAL NOTES—*continued.*

Miss Mary Ramsay's concert which was unavoidably postponed will take place on July 11th at Aeolian Hall.

* * * * *

Miss Katherine Doubleday gave two pianoforte recitals on April 30th and May 30th at Aeolian Hall. She was assisted by Miss Winifred Small and Messrs. Campbell McInnes and Robert Radford.

* * * * *

Miss Margery Crabtree had a safe passage back to South Africa, and is teaching at her old school at Port Elizabeth.

* * * * *

A large number of students have joined the Tennis Club. Beautiful weather favoured the opening day, May 31st.

"The Romance of the Little Tin Soldier."

FOR JUNIOR STUDENTS.

He was lying all alone on the nursery floor. All the other boys had gone out to be played with, but he had been left behind to seek his own delights on the hard, bare boards. Oh, fie on them! for treating my little tin soldier so harshly, and all because nobody cared for him. The poor little man had a big soul, though you might not believe it, and all that was best in him cried out, for he wanted to be picked up and cuddled like the sailor or the rag doll.

I'm afraid I must tell you how it happened that the tin soldier was lying in the dust. 'Twas this way. His master had flung him down on the floor in a dreadful temper just because he had no squeak in him like his brothers, so couldn't argue with him. His one motto in life was "Always merry and bright." His mother had taught it him before she went away—tin soldiers have mothers just as other children do, but they must be very brave—so now he started up with such a don't care expression and set off marching round and round the table. He could do that just as bravely and boldly as any soldier in the King's army. He went at such a pace, too, you really might have thought he had no soul and cared no more than did the sailor that his trousers were too long—so long, indeed, that he tripped over them as he danced his hornpipe, and then he looked so funny that the stout warrior had to laugh!

It was all rather sad, for the tin soldier had a grand passion for the pretty pink doll called Arabella. Sometimes his yearning heart was almost too much for him, and if he hadn't bitten his lip hard and tried to march the feeling off there is no knowing but what he, too, would have cried out like his friends. He was too brave for that—far too brave. He would jump up wildly to his feet and with a big roll of his drum prance off on his mad career. At other times he would lie awake at night and watch for the early morning sunbeams to creep in through the cracks in his little wooden parapet, so that he could peep over the edge and see Arabella wake up. It was quite useless, for she was a very heavy sleeper, and sometimes never woke up till after roll-call, which was very lazy. Still he went on marching and muttering inaudibly to himself, but he yawned so widely that he was terrified of his little tin mouth and chin parting company; it would never do for the other dolls to look

right down into his heart and see the patches there. How they would laugh at him! He suddenly felt he was tired of losing his beauty sleep day after day, and sick, too, of making love to Arabella, and still more so of asking her to marry him and share his parapet. "She was not that kind of doll," was all she would say to his repeated entreaties.

And so it was that the tin soldier made up his mind to go right away and never come back again. He would be broken-hearted, of course, at leaving her, never to gaze on those fair curls and waxen cheeks again, but it would be better than always seeing her so near and yet so far!

He would not tell her of his intentions and he would speak no more of love; his tender heart could not bear the strain of another scene. Neither would he try to kiss her, for now he knew those pleasures of life were not for him.

He was up with the milk that morning, so he cleaned out his parapet and put all his possessions in a kit-bag. Then with an extra roll of his drum and a kiss for Arabella he turned the corner by the rocking-horse and was seen no more.

Soon after this Arabella discovered a rather important part of her missing. This was very distressing, as without it she found some difficulty in breathing the right number of times to a second. How was it she had not noticed it disappearing? The little tin soldier had artfully taken it away with him.

MAY JARDINE.

Our Alma Mater.

I need not comment on the almost deplorable lack of *esprit de corps* in the Academy; only those who have that feeling of tradition, that feeling, in a less abstract term, "for the schóol," know to what extent they miss it at the R.A.M.

Have you ever witnessed a cricket match between two colleges? If you have you must have noticed the keen interest the students take in the play. Each member of the college feels it his duty to uphold the tradition and honour of his particular school. This spirit is always present in after life, often a chance glimpse of the school colours in a strange land will bring all this feeling back with force.

Of course, I can imagine some students remarking, "After all, what tradition can I uphold?" or "I have only come here to learn music; what interest can I have in the life of the Academy?" etc., etc. These are the very students who do not understand the real meaning of *esprit de corps*. We are students of the Royal Academy of Music—the greatest and finest institution of its kind in the British Empire, if not the world—an institution which represents in many ways the highest standard of music in the British Empire, and which has in its hands the great cause of the British composer to-day; in other words, the freeing of British music and musicians from the foreign yoke which it has been under for generations. So it behoves every one of us to realise this, feeling ourselves a part of the whole and in some measure responsible. To this end we, as students, should give our support eagerly to schemes which are trying to promote this spirit "of the school." There cannot be tolerated that feeling of exchange, or, in other words, that habit of trying to get one's money's worth in shillings and pence when considering the advisability of joining students' enterprises. Many students have said, "I cannot belong to such and such an organisation because I cannot get an

equal balance," or others, "It's not worth while," etc., etc. Not realising that after all the mere fact of it being an organisation of the R.A.M. shows sufficient reason for it being supported by every student to the limit of his ability.

We are going through a critical phase of student life now, and it is earnestly desired that students one and all do their utmost for the permanent establishment of a real student spirit, and give as much time and labour as they conveniently can; so that by our effort we will ultimately weld together all the students into one big body which shall have the welfare of the Academy and the Academy's doings deeply embedded in every individual's heart. You must feel it an obligation to actively participate in all student movements, giving your valuable time because you feel that you belong to the institution, and because the Academy's trials are yours, and because you realise that we all must have genuine pride in our alma mater.

H. W. BRAITHWAITE.

How to Kill an Organization.

- 1.—Don't come to meetings.
- 2.—If you do come, come late.
- 3.—If too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold, don't think of coming.
- 4.—Kick if you're not appointed on a committee, and if you are appointed, don't attend any of the committee meetings.
- 5.—Don't have anything to say when you are called upon.
- 6.—If you do attend a meeting, find fault with the proceedings and work done by other members.
- 7.—Hold back your dues, or don't pay pay them at all.
- 8.—Don't ever encourage a friend to join the organisation.
- 9.—Don't do anything more than you possibly can help to further the organisations's interests; then when a few take off their coats and do things howl that the organisation is run by a clique.
- 10.—If nothing else will work, indulge in general knocking at every opportunity.

—From an American Weekly.

Notice.

The General Staff Meeting of *The Academite* will be held on Wednesday afternoon, July 17th, at 3.30. As this is the last meeting of the scholastic year, it is very necessary that all officials arrange their appointments in order that they may attend on this occasion.

Lent Term Calendar.

The Lent Term began on MONDAY, JAN. 7th, and before the end of the week the R.A.M. Club Debating Society had already commenced operations, holding a discussion on the subject, "Can Women Create Equally Well as Men?" Their Saturday meetings continued throughout the term, alternating with the Fortnightly Concerts.

On JAN 23rd Dr. Richards gave the first of his lectures on "The Development of Modern Music," the second one being delivered during the following week.

Dr. Stanton Coit visited the Academy on JAN 26th at the request of the Debating Society, and gave an address on "Nationalism and Art," which was very much appreciated, and attracted an unusually large crowd to the sight-singing room.

A series of three lectures by the Principal on "The Rise of Secular Music" commenced on FEB. 6th, and occupied the two following Wednesday afternoons. During this term the Principal also gave a series of lectures at the Royal Institution on the subject, "Music in War Time."

This month's "debaters" found much ground for argument over the questions, "Is the ballad a worthy development of music?" and "Is it necessary to be a first-rate performer in order to be a first-rate teacher?" discussed on the 9th and 23rd respectively. Their last Saturday afternoon had to be devoted to sharp practice as previous arrangements were unavoidably cancelled.

There were two Chamber Concerts—one at Half-Term on FEB. 18th., and one on MARCH 6th. At both there was an excellent attendance.

It is not every term that a student produces an original opera at the Academy. On MARCH 14th and 16th successful performances were given of Arthur L. Sandford's "The Lover from Japan," by the Operatic Class under the direction of Mr. Beauchamp.

This was followed the week after by the usual "farewell" orchestral concert in Queen's Hall, which took place on the 22nd, the programme of which was as follows:

- Concerto in E Minor (First Movement)—Pianoforte Chopin
Miss LILLIAN SOUTHGATE.
- Song—"Oh, my heart is weary" (Nadeshda) Goring Thomas
Miss HEARTSEASE MARLEY (Ross Scholar).
- Concerto in A Minor (MS.)—Violin W. H. Reed
Miss PEGGY COCHRANE.
- Songs—"Sweet day, so cool" (Old English) Arr. by F. Corder
"My own Native Isle" Bishop
Miss MARJORIE PERKINS (Ada Lewis Scholar).
- Concerto in C Minor (Second and Third Movements)—
Pianoforte Beethoven
Miss DESIREE McEWAN (Ada Lewis Scholar) and
Miss DENISE LASSIMONNE (Associated Board Exhibitioner).
- Song (MS.)—"Wind-bells" (from "The Lover of Japan")
Arthur L. Sandford (Sir Michael Costa Scholar).
Miss ELSA MACFARLANE and CHORUS.

- Romance (MS.)—Violin *Edmund T. Jenkins*
 (Orchestral Scholar).
 Miss GLADYS CHESTER (Gowland Harrison Exhibitioner).
 Songs—"Voce di donna" (Gioconda) *Ponchielli*
 Miss BESSIE JENKINS.
 "Woo thou thy snowflake" (Ivanhoe) *Sullivan*
 Mr. SIDNEY ELLIS (Ross Scholar).
 "Africa"—Pianoforte *Saint-Saëns*
 Mr. LESLIE ENGLAND (Associated Board Exhibitioner)
 The Principal conducted throughout.

DOROTHY HOWELL.

Our Students in Arms.

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM B. MANSON

Killed in Action, July 1st, 1916.

2nd Lieut. Ainslie Murray (composer) was seen on Feb. 5 at the R.A.M. on his first leave from France.

Francis Saltiel (violin), 6th Essex, stationed at Stockton-on-Tees, was on leave recently.

Giovanni Barbi rolli (Broughton Packer Bath Scholar), Suffolk Regt., stationed at the Isle of Grain, Kent, has given great pleasure to the regiment by playing for them at numerous concerts and occasionally conducting the regiment's orchestra.

Lieut. Darrell Fancourt, Intelligence Department, stationed at Boulogne.

Alfred Newton (orchestral scholar), H.A.C., is now a cadet in training at Cambridge.

Eric Grant (Goring Thomas Scholar), winner of the open British Competition, for best orchestral suite, R.E., paid us a visit the term before last while on leave from France.

Sergeant Moresby Treherne, 8th Batt. A.I.F., was wounded in France, and had the misfortune to lose an arm.

Herbert Brine (sub-professor, violin, sight-reading, and transposition), Motor Transports.

Lieut. D. E. Poll (organ), 1/15th London Rifles, has recently had leave from France.

Egerton Tidmarsh (Bach-Liszt Scholar), commissioned in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and is now in France.

2nd Lieut. Horatio Davies (organ student), Flight Training Squadron, stationed at Rochford.

Rifleman Ralph Jetts, also an organ student, Queen's Westminster Rifles, has been in France, and invalided at Blackpool.

Lieut. Ian Hunt, R.A.F. (singing and horn), has lately had four days' leave from France.

Stanley Shale (pianist) has been in action many times in France.

Further news regarding these or other students will be gladly welcomed.

ETHEL BARTLETT.

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Publishers' Announcement.—A new edition of this useful work being urgently needed, Mr. H. J. Taylor the author of the work, owing to the demands of National Service, being unable to devote the time to it, the Publishers, with his consent, invited Dr. S. Weekes, of Plymouth, to do the necessary additions; they are therefore indebted to the latter for Part IV. (Supplementary), the revision of dates and the revised indices.

London: WEEKES & Co., 14, Hanover Street, W.1.

Who's Who at the R.A.M.

We beg to greet "our Editor,"
And submit to his review,
The results of observation
(Helped by strong imagination)
Of some students—just a few—
In the R.A.M.

"The Fair Princess" you all do know,
And what about "The Martyr"?
"The Bishop," he is sometimes named,
In all his work he's justly famed,
Known in every quarter
Of the R.A.M.

You have heard of "Jack of all Trades,"
And "Anarchy," I wonder?
And—your "sympathy" must be alert,
For all those who have known "The Flirt"
Who tears all hearts asunder
In the R.A.M.

Then there is "The Popular Suite"
And "Touch-me-Not" you've seen;
And none could ever miss "The Swell"
Or "Manxie" of Mannan-beg-been,
All in the R.A.M.

There's one of very high degree—
"The Trump Card," fair and tall;
"The Idealist," perhaps you guess;
Then comes the greatest, I confess.
Long live "The Queen" of all
In the R.A.M.

K. CORLETT.

The R.A.M. Tennis Club.

FREDERICK CORDER, Esq., Hon. President.

JOHN B. McEWEN, Esq., Hon. Vice-President.

Committee:—Lilian Smith (Secretary), Peggy Cochrane, Paul Beard.
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Students and ex-Students desiring to join are asked to communicate
with the Secretary. The season will extend throughout September.

A TOURNAMENT is being arranged for the Saturday afternoon fol-
lowing the Prize Distribution Day, when the President and Vice-President
of the Club will be present; and a cordial invitation is extended to the
R.A.M. public irrespective of membership. Tea will be obtainable on the
ground.

The Man who knew Beethoven.

Being an Elaboration of an Unoriginal Theme.

The setting of this short account which I am about to relate took place in an average sized restaurant on the quick order style in the days of calm, if not quiet, before the war.

It was shortly after ten o'clock, and Mr. Knowsit, fresh from the symphony concert, stepped in to have a cup of coffee before wending his steps homeward. Upon entering the cafe he went over to a table and joined three or four friends who were just finishing their supper.

Now Mr. Knowsit was not the kind of man who would force his opinions on others, unless music was mentioned, and even then he would observe a fair amount of reticence till one goaded him on by merely mentioning in the slightest way whatever, even if only in passing, the name of the great master Beethoven. Mr. Knowsit's friends were quite cognisant of this weakness of his, and as the conversation fell flat after the few salutary remarks, one of the party thought it would be a brilliant idea to start a discussion of the relative value of the music of different composers in order to create an interesting conversation. He therefore made a very casual remark as to his being unaffected by the works of Beethoven. This was like a *bomb*. Mr. Knowsit, filled with the recollection of the "fifth" symphony so wonderfully interpreted by Safonóff through the medium of the fine London Symphony Orchestra, arose at once to the attack. For fully fifteen minutes he commanded the attention of his listeners telling about the infinite charm of, as he termed it, "The music of the soul." Mr. Knowsit waxed so eloquent in his argument that he ceased to be conversational and became rather oratorical almost to the point of bombast. He concluded by fairly declaiming these words: "Gentlemen, I would inform you that besides being a creative genius, Beethoven was an exceptionally rare man of quality."

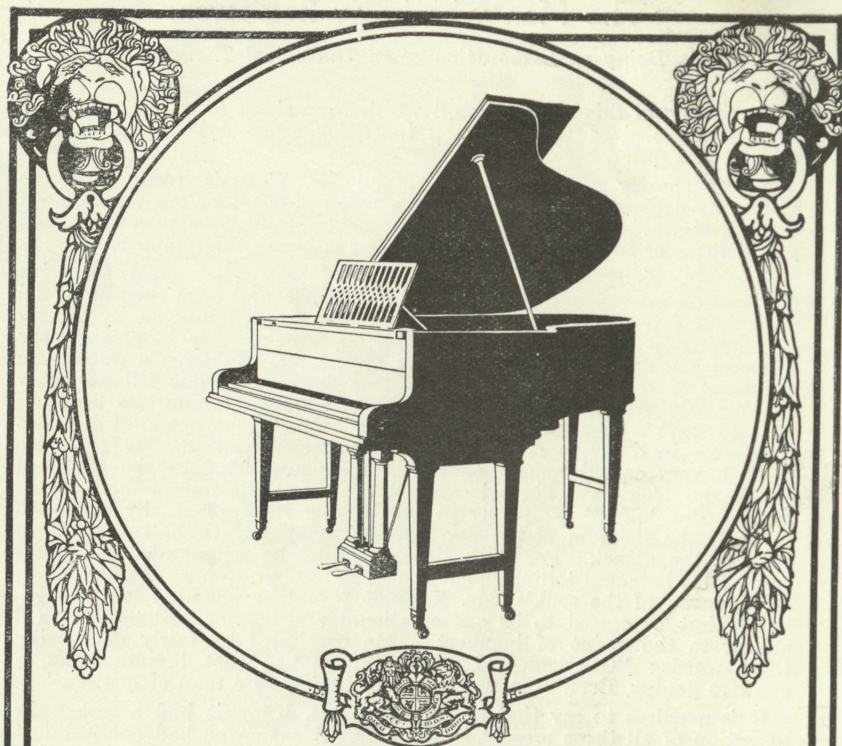
It is needless to say that by this time Mr. Knowsit had arrested the attention of all those present in the cafe. A man who had entered just in time to hear the concluding sentence of Mr. Knowsit's convincing remarks came up to take sides with him, assuring him that he was quite right, and that Beethoven was indeed a rare man of quality, whereupon Mr. Knowsit, his face a perfect picture of exultation, with an outstretched hand of welcome, said to the new-found friend, "Do you know Beethoven?" (meaning, of course, the great master's works). "Yes," said the new-comer, "I know Beethoven, the baker, well; he lives in Water Street!"

E. T. J.

Shareholders and Patrons List.

Owing to the incompleteness of the Shareholders and Patrons list, it has been suggested that the names of Shareholders and Patrons be announced for the first time in the Michaelmas number, thus beginning a new scholastic year.

Those desirous of becoming Shareholders or Patrons are requested to communicate with the Treasurer of *The Academite*, who will be glad to give further particulars.



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Partings.

We atoms in the universe so wide
 Are but as specks of sand swept by the tide
 Together on a rock for just one day—
 Then with another tide we drift away.

And thus, perchance, for one short year but sweet
 In our small Academic world we meet,
 Then comes a tidal wave and we must part
 With smiling lips, but with an aching heart.

MILLY STANFIELD.

Guess Who's.

GUESS who is the well-known composer (professor) that was subjected to a criticism of his own work while it was being performed, the critic being a student of the gentler sex entirely ignorant at the time of the composer of the sonata being played.

GUESS who thought the Guess Who's in our last number were not *scandalous* enough.

GUESS which of our younger budding talents is so pleased with his lessons at the R.A.M. that his visiting card reads:

Solo _____ist.

Student at the Royal Academy of music. (!!!)

GUESS which student was recently requested to write an article on the "Art of Prize-winning."

GUESS which eminent section of the orchestra were enjoined not to bedeck themselves with medals on a certain occasion.

GUESS who are the rival table parties in the refreshment room that vie with each other in being obstreperous.

GUESS who is the fastidious pupil of *belle canto* that made a remarkable exclamation to the effect that "there is nothing in it" (referring to our Lent number) after merely glancing through the "Guess Who's."

GUESS whose reason for not joining the Tennis Club is that she fears she might catch a cold.

GUESS who proved herself "all Scotch" in a little matter relating to the above club.

GUESS who is the romantic maid.

GUESS who wanted a swimming club organised.

GUESS who wanted to know if there was too much powder on her nose.

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